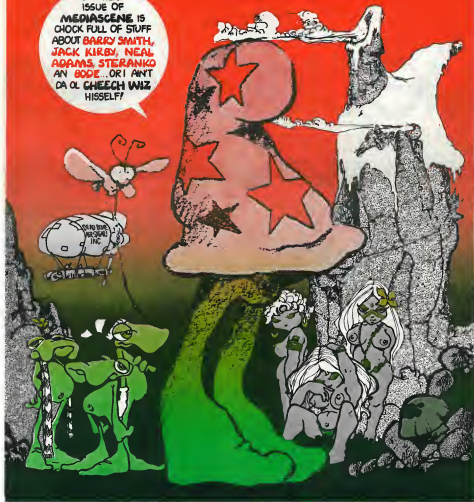


AMERICA'S NEW MAGAZINE OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT!

Mediascene

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER \$1.50

DIS HERE
ISSUE OF
MEDIASCENE IS
CHOCK FULL OF STUFF
ABOUT **BARRY SMITH,**
JACK KIRBY, **NEAL**
ADAMS, **STERANKO**
AN **BODE**...OR I AINT
DA OL **CHEECH** WIZ
HISSELF!



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mediascene

This issue should come as a surprise to some of our readers.

Way back, a couple hundred years ago, when we started this publication, we elected it toward the mainstream of pop culture—films, pulp, tv—but put a special emphasis on comics, which just happens to be one of the areas we know best.

After a couple of decades, we began to change that emphasis, to redirect our approach to encompass a wider area of entertainment, still laying heavy stress on action adventure, fantasy and science fiction. After the shock wore off, we were subjected to a wave of groans, reminders and mutterings—still echoing the fact that we were ignoring our roots, violating our format, copping out.

Of course, we weren't.

After the cloud of dust settled, reader opinion began to swing in the opposite direction. The writing stopped. Suspense was followed by approval. We knew it all the time. So now that everything's running smoothly, we're doing it again. Maybe we don't like to be taken for granted. Maybe we just like surprises. The simple truth is that we've never lost interest in comics—our pulp, or film, or anything else we feature in **MEDIASCENE**. But we do believe in variety, and the change of pace from there to issue helps keep the magazine alive.

Which brings us to this issue of **MEDIASCENE**, a super-spectacular double issue devoted to comics. We felt the time was right for a special issue, and proceeded to select the two talents in the business—apologetically, Adams, Bock, Kirby and Smith. Needless to say, each of these men was the best at what they've chosen to do, their success reflected in their enormous popu-

larity. All of them are currently on the move, striking out in new directions, and it is these directions we are seeking to chart in these pages.

Neal Adams has been one of the most influential comic artists to appear on the comic book horizon in years, influential in that his style of line and drama have been widely imitated by his followers in their own work. When reaching this point, almost as if a signal had gone off, Adams tends to veer into a new and unexpected avenue of endeavor, leaving the spoils to his followers.

Recently, Neal Adams has aimed his skills at the field of magazine cover illustration and has managed to carve another notch in the handle of his skillful brush. Doug Marlette, a long-time **MEDIASCENE** correspondent, offers a clear and concise rundown of Adams' career to date, while highlighting the most recent developments in a telling words and pictures survey.

Perhaps the most important place to run is in **MEDIASCENE**, "Confessions of a Cartoon Goober," might be labeled anything from a self-indulgent autobiographical portrait to an inner cosmic statement by a madman or a genius. Ray, let us place a bet of any kind on Neagheer Bock would be an imprudent error. There is no other figure quite like him; he is an original with an uncanny ability to make an audience with both his work and his life-style.

No one except Mr. Boddie Bock could have written the explosive revelations that appears in this issue. The decision to do it, he confessed was an expanding as preparing the material itself. From our point of view, it seems quite clear he has become a genuine expert—among his peers, a reli-

able rocket that has only just begun to accelerate. Read it and see for yourself. You may never be the same again!

Meanwhile, back at the bullpen, the action centers around a special newcover. That's the Marvel newcover, of course, and the term newcover is only relative. We're talking about Jack Kirby's return to the Madison Avenue Madison that he helped build a decade or so ago. The eyes of the comic industry and of the vast comic readership are focused in his direction. And who, then, hasn't he always been close at the pocket, showing them the way and setting the pace for long-running success?

The answer is an unequivocal YES! Doubtless there will be comments citing the grandiose failure of his National books—*New Gods*, *Forever People*, *Mr. Miracle*, *Boys of the Mob*, *The Bunnies*, *Demons* and *Spirit World*, but as we see it, the flow might not necessarily be that of the creator of these books. We'd lay money on it—that most, perhaps, ALL of these titles would have survived under the Mighty Marvel banner.

Think about it and you'll have to agree. Stan Lee did what we advanced the theory to him. So did Kirby. Certainly there are differences due to divergent company policies. "Kamandi" or Marvel would have a mystical quality, and perhaps a different kind of costume, maybe a superhero's costume? Kirby admitted when we asked him how he would have done the strip at Marvel. Changes or not, the Kirby books would have survived at Marvel.

Perhaps the best way to prove it is to see who happens with his new magazines, all of which are previewed in an exclusive this issue. A very low low to the King for consenting to illustrate the feature

with a special full-page drawing, his first actual rendering of Captain America in more than five years. (It's a knockout! Enjoy it!)

Jackal Queen Knight! If you suspect our line-up is beginning to sound like the winning hand in a high stakes poker game, we'll we play our Ace! This issue **MEDIASCENE**'s full-house is topped by a lengthy and penetrating view of Comic art-novel-publisher, Barry Smith. About now for several years from the relentless comic factory, Smith's subliminal has produced a host of related ephemera and the beginning of an expansive visual novel previewed here for the first time anywhere.

A treasury of Barry Smith art accompanies the article in addition to a superb cover illustration and a special correspondent's portrait from one of the artist's closest friends, a Garbriana Press creation titled "The Endowment." If you've wondered how Smith has been spending his time and energy since his Marvel term, don't miss Jack Adrian's personal study of one of comic's most controversial figures.

More **MEDIASCENE** magic is on tap with a feature that has the distinction of being one of the most requested since our highly acclaimed **SWOOP & SORCERY** issue several years ago. That issue ran a comprehensive Robert E. Howard/ Conan feature, and precipitated a reader response requesting a companion piece on Howard's other characters. We gave the assignment to SSS outdoor Val Littlehew who conjured up a legion of little-known barbarians, soldiers and rascals created by the R.E.H. pen pair. To top it off, we undertook the task of illustrating the layout personally, using one of Howard's most extraordinary heroes. Praise

yourself—it's not what you expect!

Earlier this year we made a prediction that gave us a first-hand rundown of a new film that promised to be spectacular, dramatic and unexpected. This release was enough to convince us to feature the flick in the pages of **MEDIASCENE**. We sent Joe Thingwall into the near future to give us a full report on the making of *Mad Max* if he could survive the dangers of the game. He returned with a few minor scratches no bigger than a knee-deep and managed to complete his assignment through hardships and sodas. Full pictorial coverage will be found elsewhere.

Jaws terrified a nation of readers after becoming a best-selling hard-boiled hit, repeated the effect with pulpbooks, and is doing it again to transmute thespians. The story of how it all comes about appears in this issue. If you're like us, you'll find yourself hooked on this one.

From rear seats to outer space, with an advance look at a new show that has every possibility of out-striking *Star Trek*, *Space 1999* has been launched on the next expedition to arrive to over orbit a colossus rule (\$275,000 budget for each hour segment). Details have been logged accordingly, and can be found somewhat nearer than the edge of the universe.

Additional film news and visuals will bring readers back to Earthside in our Coming Attractions pages, affording ample opportunity to schedule future viewing between trips to local comic conventions.

Did we forget anything? Only the comic news—and we're certain you don't have to be told where to look to find it. There's the wrap-up for this issue. Some offbeat surprises are in the planning stages for the next. Till then, take care.

STERANKO

SUBSCRIBERS—PLEASE NOTE: THIS DOUBLE ISSUE COUNTS AS TWO!



**SOMETIME
IN THE
FUTURE
THERE
WILL BE
NO WAR!
...INSTEAD,
THERE'S**

Rollerball, in case you didn't know is a new film which takes its title from the brand physical contact sport in tomorrow's world, providing the masses with their principal outlet for violence and hostility.

It is an action sport, combining some of the rougher aspects of hockey, pro football, boxing, judo, motorbike racing and roller derby, played around the year 2016 for a worldwide television audience of four billion each week.

By the first decade of the next century, when the world is sensibly managed by the six major corporate conglomerates Sherry, Ford, Housing, Transport, Luxury and Communications, Rollerball will be the game of the people, providing all of the vicarious thrills of violence and inflicted pain that will no longer exist in a comfortable well-ordered society. Major cities, no longer burdened with the high costs of crime, poverty and corrupt politicians, avidly support their local Rollerball teams, playing under the colors of the major corporations with which they are allied.

Houston, Texas, for example, is the Energy City which sponsors the World Champion Rollerball team, led by battle-scarred veteran, Jonathan E. (James Caan). Rollerball has been his entire life for more than eight years and he enjoys all of the privileges accorded to the top player of the game. Because he is becoming an international folk hero, however, Jonathan is asked to retire by corporation executives who feel that his stubborn independence of spirit is a threat to their carefully controlled comfort-enslaved society. When he refuses, out of loyalty to his team, the executives decide to let the game take care of him by eliminating enough of the rules to change Rollerball from a rough sport into murder on roller skates.

Rollerball is based upon William Harrison's original Regency short

story. Producer/director Harmon Jewison, whose most notable films have been *Fiddler On The Roof* and *Jesse James* Superior, stated, "Harrison delivered, in slightly less than five weeks, the best first-draft screenplay that I have ever read."

In Jewison's opinion, Rollerball concerns several pertinent aspects of contemporary life—the increasing violence and brutality in audience sports today, as well as the devastating threshold of individual shock and outrage of the creeping depersonalization of life that has accompanied the rapid development of our comfortable materialistic, computerized and franchised society. He honestly believes that the possibility of a vicious game like Rollerball becoming popular is far from fantasy.

"Of course, all the ingredients of an exciting sport are present in any high-speed game with two teams, a ball and a goal to put it in. Our skaters get caught up in the competitive spirit of the play and would have loved to go all-out against one another. But I would hate to see Rollerball played, even with rigid rules governing fouls and body contact. It wasn't meant to be anything more than an illustration of the theme of our screenplay. I can't see any way it could avoid becoming the most vicious and brutal game ever played."

Since the actual game of Rollerball was not clearly defined in terms of rules in Harrison's impressionistic short story, one of Jewison's biggest challenges was to create a completely new game on the screen that could serve to illu-





ICE FOLLY

trate the brutal, bone-crunching action needed to amplify the game's ugly purpose.

Jewison was able to contract the services of John Row, England's foremost production designer (lawrence of Arabia, Dr. Zhivago) to whom he assigned the task of giving the game a workable, physical reality.

Understandably, Row's first challenge was to create a futuristic yet practical arena in which Rollerball could be played. Within weeks, he had designed a miniature model of a circular race track on which both skaters and motorcycles could perform at high speeds.

The next step was to test the practicality of his design concept, so he and Herman Jewison took British speed skater Peter Hicks to Munich to try out the Olympic cycle track. They found the cycle track much too sharply banked for roller skates, but essentially adaptable for the game. Then they checked the Olympic Swedish ball stadium, one of the five largest circular arenas in the world, which proved to be the most feasible site for building the Rollerball track.

In its finished form, the track circumference measured 335 feet, approximately one-eighth of a mile. It is built of pre-fabricated hardwood, with an 18 degree pitch from the top rolling down to the infield. The gleaming, polished surface makes it possible to reach skating speeds as high as 40 to 45 miles per hour. Motorcycles can go even faster without skidding or sliding in the banked turn.

Harrowden-born Max Klever, a Hollywood veteran of dozens of films, was chosen to act as action director to stage "the game" for

the screen. England provided a pre-trained, pre-conditioned group of 17 skaters, all experienced players of a game called Roller Hockey, which enjoys a modest fan following in England and several countries of Europe. America's rough bump-and-shove game of Roller Derby could lead 12 rough players from the Northern California league. Klever found six top-flight motorbikes, experienced on both banked hardwood and the more dangerous dirt tracks of southern California, to ride the modified Honda 525's.

The group was rounded out by 11 hard-core stunt men from Hollywood and England, men chosen to perform the flaming bike crashes and high-speed pileups involving the kind of real physical danger which stunt men undertake as a strictly business-like "pay for play" basis.

As finally played by Jewison, Harrison, Sen and Klever, Rollerball is played by two ten-man teams, each consisting of three players, five skaters (two-world) and two skating catchers, who wear heavy padded suits for trapping the steel ball in flight.

The game begins with a compressed action firing a steel ball (approximately the size and weight of a shot-put) around the perimeter of the track. As the ball loses momentum in its circular course round the track, it is fielded by a catcher of either team, who passes the ball forward to one of the faster skaters of his own team.

The skater then hides a side from one of his allies while other members of the team form a defensive shield around him. Before the offensive team can attempt to score, it must make at least one complete circuit of the track from behind its own goal line, regardless of where the ball is fielded. A point is scored when a player throws the steel ball accurately into his own designated goal.

located high on the rim

of the track. The defensive, or opposing team tries to stop the attacking team from scoring by any physical means—a smash from a steel-studded glove, a body block, a well-placed kick, judo, even lunging.

As a result, the Rollerball track becomes a battlefield as soon as the ball is placed in play, if the offensive player attempting to score misses his shot at the goal or drops the ball during a scramble with an opposing player, another ball is immediately put into play by the cannon and is fielded by whichever team is able to catch it in flight. That team then takes its turn in attempting to score.

James Conn, who wrote as the Rollerball Champion, Jonathan E., is the most versatile young actor in the business today. "He was my first and only choice to play the rough and tough Rollerball man," mentioned director Jewison.

In the last three years, Conn has achieved stardom on two mainstream pictures and television. On the big screen he played the quick-tempered Sonny, eldest son of Don Corleone in *The Godfather*, reporting the part later in a cameo appearance in *The Godfather II*.

On television he demonstrated his versatility when he played Fritsch Piccolo, the lone pre-festival star, in *Brave New Girl*, for which he won an Emmy nomination as best actor. Then he appeared as the sailor in *Guadalupe Liberty*, and the high-ranking English professor in the critically acclaimed *The Gentleman*. "Whenever I was a genius," says Conn. "That it was and-and-out luck."

A native of the Bronx, Conn knew that when he graduated from Rhine High School that he wanted to be an actor, but was reluctant to break the news to his parents who envisioned their son in a more stable profession.

He was accepted by the Neighborhood Playhouse, appearing there in

several plays and in 1961 made his professional debut in the off-Broadway production of *Le Rêve*.

At 34, Conn is a rangy, muscular six-footer. He is a frustrated athlete who is becoming more frustrated as his career takes him into the whirl of big money stardom. "It looks like I'm going to have to get most of my athletic enjoyment from my pictures," he laughs. "That's certainly true of Rollerball. Physically it has been the most demanding film I've ever made."

"Audiences are right with an actor on the screen. They want to see and figure out for themselves what's going on," he explains. "Today audiences don't want to be let in on the lead character. They're getting so sophisticated that I could be saying one thing up there on the screen and they will know what's going on underneath. Therefore, in order to play an athlete, I had better play as an athlete and enjoy doing it on the screen."

But if reality appeals to Conn as an actor, the reality of some of today's films don't. "I'm very old fashioned, I guess. I mean, I'm not homophobic, I like the basic things in life. I like what's my soulful thing. When I go to the theater I want to be taken into a world of emotion. I want to laugh or cry or whatever. I really object to the exploitation of sex and drugs and all the super-reality. People go to movies to be entertained, they don't want to look through the wall and see their neighbors."

Ferocity is what Rollerball is about. It has evoked futuristic clothes as bizarre furniture and flashing lights. There are no out-cars or gay cars and the costumes are cut with classic simplicity and straightforward transparency. The natural sounds of the roller game are eerie and depressing and are used in the film as the musical score and soundtrack which music added as a counterpoint.

Rollerball will not be classed as

solid science fiction. The futuristic elements are lightly stressed as a subtle future film in a time of corporate global reach and dehumanization.

John Huston, at 72, is costarred as Bartholomew, the chief executive of the Energy Corporation in Rollerball and will probably be his last screen performance for awhile. With Oscar Welles, he was co-founder of the famed Mercury Theater and with Herman Markowitz, contributed to the screenplay of *Citizen Kane*. He has produced 18 feature films such as *Lost for a Week*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Red and the White* as well as winning an Academy Award for his performance in *The Paper Chase*.

Maureen Adams, one of New York's highest paid fashion models plays the wife of Jonathan E. after a notable performance on one of the Bond girls in *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Pamela Hensley is the corporation's agent. She has been seen in similar roles in *Walking Tall* and *Five Steps Off* while acting stunts in *North Atlantic*, who is lesser delight in his canoe role as a ballfield chief Elmeron of a science computer known as "Zart" in *Genes*. One of the first British stars to be knighted he has appeared in more than 30 films and even more stageplays.

The ballerina partners of the characters in the film—their speech, their desires and their dreams—are very much like our own, modified only by the influence of living in a comfortable, well-managed materialistic society without the fear of war, hunger or rampant nationalism and by an attendant loss of intellectual curiosity and individualism.

As Maureen Jewison says, "Instead of staring at the viewer with our concepts of what the future will be, we let him use his own imagination. I think the effect will be much more exciting for audiences that way."

And, yes, it is. ☐

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The blockbuster heist film is currently being rejected by the movie industry will apparently continue through the summer season, with all manner of cops, robbers, fish, insects and airplanes involved. Columbia Pictures leads the way in action and adventure, with their latest Charles Bronson gut-buster, **Breakout**. Robert Dill, Jill Ireland and John Huston co-star in this spectacular jailbreak feature, highlighted by a high-flying helicopter chase climax.

Richard (The Professionals) Brooks returns to the familiar theme of the old west for his latest writing/directing job with Gene Hackman, Constance Bergen and James Caan, titled **Like the Bullet**. The story of a high-velocity cross-country horse race, **Bullet** is packed with action, music and suspense that should excite even non-western fans.

Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty team-up under the direction of Mike (The Graduate) Nichols in the 1930s comedy, **The Fortune**. They play two conning con-men, determined to steal the wealth of a drug millionaire (Stockard Channing), by hook or by crook, but mostly by laughs.

MITCHELL MAFIA MONEYMAKER

Allied Artists' big summer attraction is a modern-day version of the tough private-eye formula, violently jettisoned to contemporary gangbusting titles. **Mitchell**, starring Joe Don Baker (*Walking Tall*) in the title role, Martin Balsam, John Saxon and Linda Evans co-star as con-men who can't understand why **Mitchell** continues to trust the drug runners, despite their efforts to beat and buy him off. Directed by Andrew (Bandwagons) McLaglen.

Northwest India, 1878, is the setting for Allied's second summer selection, a title involving the honor and reputation of the Royal Army is an incident of **Conquest Unleashed**. Michael York, Richard Armstrong, Trevor Howard and Stacy Kach star as army officers who become involved in a regimental scandal when a fellow officer's widow (Susan York) is savagely attacked. Just who/what is involved slowly and with complications, in this film directed by Michael (See Savage) Anderson.

The future of the Pink Panther is United Artists' career comedy reunion, unleashing the inimitable Inspector Clouseau upon the world again, mindlessly tracking the thieves who have stolen the fabulous Pink Panther diamond. This is far from outgird for the Clouseau character, played by Peter Sellers and created/written/directed by Blake Edwards, with his drawing power apparently as strong as ever. So much so in fact, that prime are currently underway for a fourth film in the series, as yet untitled.



Allen

Just featuring guest shots in the dark at James Bond, *Ex Machina* and *Dr. Polka*.

Woody Allen's love and death rounds out Lincoln's immediate summer releases, featuring the wistful romance of intimacy and wit in *Indecent* to director/star Allen, and his co-star Diane Keaton.

In the future, UA will be presenting *The Elder* films, starring the Beethoven brothers James Conn and Robert Duvall. A rare success, driving sale of vengeance, betrayal and archaeological mystery, *Elder* is directed by Sam (Wild Beach) Peckinpah from a screenplay by Shirlin (Twining) Johnson (Silent).

Making a healthy production comeback from the brink of extinction, MGM makes a flamboyant summer showing with the cost spectacle of *The Wind and the Lion*. Written and directed by John (BS-1) Huston, the film stars Sam Connery, Constance Bergen, John Huston and Brian Keith in a tale of a clash of cultures between kidnapping women and the US Marines in combat at the turn of the century. Dramatically framed by the desert western, *The Wind and the Lion* is a visually spectacularized version of a factual incident that occurred during Teddy Roosevelt's reign in the Presidential chair.

Just entering production for release early next year by MGM is the science fiction tale *Legions*, featuring Michael York, directed by Michael Anderson. *Legions* is the story of a future society which persecutes its over-30 citizens, making them run into "refugees" to avoid death. Peter Onorati co-stars as the last man alive in an ancient Washington DC, surrounded by 500 cars in the Senate chambers, none of which is too the Lion.

Paramount's current bestseller is based on Northwood West's novel of epic failure and despair, *The Day of the Locust*. Directed, produced and screenwritten by the *Midnight Cowboy* team of John Schlesinger, James Holloman and Walter Salt, *Locust* is a tragic look at Hollywood in the 30's, and the stars, starlets and fans who devour themselves with their fantasies left reality emerges. Karen Black, Donald Sutherland and James Marsters star, manipulating one another until disaster overcomes them all.

Horror king William Castle is back, writing and producing, but with a new film based on the best-selling novel, *The Ropewalkers*. The story of what happens when a city is invaded by giant invading cockroaches. *Plague* comes to the screen under its new title, *Rag*, starring Bradford Dillman and Joanna Miles, directed by Jonathan Demme.

Apparently the disaster film craze is not over yet, as the Orion production *Impassioned* (Dina De Laurentiis) enters the field with *Horricane*, written by Robert and Laurie DeLoe (French Connection II), and directed by John (Twining) Johnson.



Hitchcock



The Fog



The Trial



Rag



The Ropewalkers



Impassioned

Also on De Laurentiis' 76 schedule is a remake of the classic *King Kong*, using the original 1933 Walter deLap film as a model blueprint for the blockbuster monkey-shenan.

Universal's summer lineup is led off by the multi-million dollar *Flashdance*, Jawa, followed by George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft in *Great Minds*, dramatizations of the great Hasidic rabbis' dispute.

Alfred Hitchcock has begun filming on his 53rd feature, titled *Deceit*, based on the suspense novel *The Ransom* by Robert D. Kohn and Karen Black star, with a screenplay by Ernest Lehman (yearly by *Northwest*).

The month's signal battle of WWB, *Midwest*, will be conducted by John Gullerston, with appearances by Cliff Robertson and Robert Wagner. Dan (Sherry) Sings will return to the horror genre after a 20-year absence, with an *Exorcist* type story, *The Sorcerer*. And, in a pair of mini-series episodes, Rod Steiger will portray W. C. Fields, while James Caan's *Dayton* as Clark Gable. Finally, Donald Sutherland appears as the legendary lower in Federico Fellini's *Cosmo*.

From 20th Century-Fox, Popeye Doyle returns to track down his French narcotics nemesis in *French Connection II*, directed by John (The Trial) Frankenheimer. Gene Hackman enters his Academy Award-winning role by pursuing Chandler (Algeria) Ray) to his hangout for a shattering climax that surpasses the original, yet also stands alone as a film worth watching.

Peter Fonda, Warren Oates and Laurence Duvall star in a tale of wild-craft, action and violence titled *Race With the Devil*. Directed by Jack (Chapman) Stewart, *Race* is a chase/adventure yarn about a group of con-men who accidentally witness a human sacrifice, and are suddenly the victims of a murderous mobster by fanatic fanatics.

Coming up, Darryl (Last Detail) Zanuck is adapting his latest bestseller into a shooting script titled *Two Men Died for Your Sin*, while Ralph Bakshi has signed to do a futuristic cartoon called *The New Mutants*. Bakshi goes before the screen as the official biography of Warner/Bros. film director *Barry Berkley*, whose *Rial* story and *Goldfinger* series' screenplay revolutionized 30s movie musicals.

Warner Bros. list of film in production promises a busy 75 season, topped by the Robert Redford/Dustin Hoffman interpretation of the Woodward/Bernheim documentary *Watergate*. All the President's Men. James Frawley, Martin Balsam and Jack Warden have been signed to key roles in the film, to be directed by Alan (Oskar) Polonsky.

The King of Kung-Fu will be resurrected once again in *The Life and Legend of Bruce Lee*, adapted from the book by Lee's widow, and di-

SUMMER FILM FARE



Coppos' kidnapping



Ray and Paul



The Wind and The Sea



The Wind and The Sea



The Day of the Locust

rected by Robert Altman the Dargest Class.

This summer, Paul Newman, James Woodward and Tony Franciosa star in *The Drawing Room*, a complicated, intriguing detective/mystery film in the best hard-boiled tradition. Filled with beautiful women, seductions and surprising twists, *The Drawing Room* is Newman's second outing as Ross MacDonnell's law Harper, directed by Stuart (Ken) Reed (Lester Koenig).

The sleazy side of detective work comes under study in Arthur Penn's *Night Moves*. Gene Hackman stars as a private eye with a falling marriage, hired to trace a runaway girl (Mareike Grönitt), only to find his path blocked by a half-million dollar stolen statue and a beautiful woman (Jennifer Warren).

Ron Ross Shaw and William Tennant present *Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold*, starring Tamara Dobson as Cleo, and Stella Stevens as The Dragon Lady. Packed with karate-action, and a million-dollar bounty of heroin in a Macao gambling den, *Cleopatra Jones* film, and the directorial debut of stunt character-grapher Chuck Bail.

For the Winter, Michael (Derek) Wolf Winner shifts gears with *Woo Yee Ten*, *The Day Mike Saved Warner Bros.* Since Sara and Lily Tomlin star in this 1977's comedy of a man whose racism creates fame and fortune for an entire movie company.

Bryant Pictures is rapidly growing into a production company of respectable size, with their upcoming summer film featuring recognized talent in well-budgeted films. First, George Kennedy and Berry Sullivan star in the violent *The Ravens* feature, directed by Edward (The Gates Men) Smythe. Then, Ernest Borgnine, Eddie Albert and William Shatner star in an occult-horror story, *The Devil's Isle*, directed by Robert (Dr. Philco) Fuest. Finally, Al Buddy and Helen Bakshi present the animated/live action look at black life, *Combie*.

Robert Altman will take a crack at playing the immortal Philip Marlowe in the now filming *Forever My Lady*, perhaps his first role ever on a private eye. This is actually the second time this Chandler classic has been made, the first being 1945's *Murder My Sweet*, starring Dick Powell as the tough, trenchcoat and trenchcoat Marlowe.

Francis Ford Coppola appears to be making the most of his Godfather success as he prepares to begin filming at least three new features within the next year. First on the schedule is *Apocalypse Now*, a contemporary version of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, set in Viet Nam. Written by John Milius and directed by Coppola, *Apocalypse Now* has four major parts, with Steve McQueen and Marlon Brando as possible leads, and a potential budget of \$10 million.

The second Coppola project will be *The Black Stallion*, which he



from America II



from With the Best



from With the Best



from With the Best



All the President's Men

will produce. Third will be *Tender*, a romantic tragically about one man's attempt to start a new line of American automobiles, written and directed by Coppola.

An offshoot of Coppola's Godfather Part II sweep of the box-office appears to be the man who played the young Don, Robert De Niro. Directors are anxious to see him while the flame of stardom still burns bright. Already, De Niro has been assigned to star in *Little Nicky*, Clark Gable's *Shogun*, Elia Kazan's *The Last Tycoon* and Martin Scorsese's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

billy jack coming back

Taylor-Laurie Productions, the people who brought you violence with a message in Billy Jack, have a varied list of forthcoming movies for the coming year, beginning with *The Hunter* (written by Tom Laughlin and Jim Swartz) O'Neil. Second is *The Bandit*, by an unknown director about the energy crisis and Arab oil holdings. Other projects in various stages of preparation are *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*, a sort of love story about a woman, his language but a cry, a human interest drama about child abuse, and of course *The Revenge of Son/Winter/Judgment of Billy Jack*.

Albert Finney may be creating his role as the English detective genius Hercule Poirot in an upcoming production of *Murder on the Nile*. Meanwhile, Aquila Christie has reconsidered his decision to have Poirot's first role published posthumously, and is allowing *Celeste*, the last case of Hercule Poirot to be printed in the months ahead.

Walt Disney's summer film are typically low but mighty, headlined by a re-release of the classic *Bandits*. Then, Helen Hayes and Peter Ustinov star in a spy/courtship spoof about stolen fossils called *One of Our Dinosaurs is Missing*.

As previously announced, Gene Hackman is preparing a *Star Trek* feature film for production, but the project has apparently hit a snag. Apparently, a script was written catering to hard-core Trekkers with a 25-year flashback to the origins of the Enterprise crew. Film execs finally turned it down as a TV show, and are holding out for the concept.

For the TV screen, William Shatner's *Friedkin* has announced plans to do a two-hour movie for NBC based on the *Will Evers* and Co. creation of *The Spirit*. Producing and directing, Friedkin acknowledges *The Spirit* as an influence in his success and wants the medium to receive its rightful recognition. Tentative casting for the show includes Burt Reynolds as *The Spirit*, and Flip Wilson as an ultra-high *Elroy White*. ©



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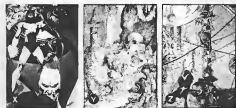
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THE POSSIBLE FUTURE OF



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In planning an approach to the following feature on Barry Smith, we decided to ask his close friend and associate, Jack Kiefer, to write a personal view of one of the most popular and controversial artists to have emerged in the past ten years. You'll find it bristling and revealing—with an exclusive preview of Smith's newest projects. The illustrations are taken from various Galaxy Press sources, including the publication *Shell Shock*®.

Objective criticism of Barry Smith and his work isn't all that difficult, simply because of Smith's own personality, which, at times, precludes any but the most harsh judgments. He despises Astrology but was born a Gemini, and the type fits him like a glove. He's the only true split personality I know. Arrogant, selfish, thoughtless, intolerant to a degree, he suffers fools and charlatans not gladly and will fall into a mood of black depression at a moment's notice, and for very little reason.

You've got to be with him or all alone, always on his wavelength. If he feels that you like something he not only dislikes but actively loathes and detests, or if he catches you not understanding (for one reason or another) something that is crystal clear to him, he lets it shatter leftward, betrayed, in a major way. Yet at the same time he can be both surprised and pleased if a picture of his is posted intelligently—though this won't stop him (two hours later) from verbally destroying that same picture as the most detestable piece of garbage he's ever drawn.

Stripped of Camp once sold of pulp-writer Robert E. Howard something to the effect that, despite his tragic death, if he had not been made the way he was, he'd probably have been a truck-driver, and busier, cosier, something of this nature. Thus we would never have had Conan, Kull, and the rest of the bunch. Howard's gotta be that.



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true history).

There's a legend running round of the moment that Marvel discovered Smith, fed him, nurtured him, brought him to full flower, then found they'd been harboring an odder in their bones. Smith turned and bit the hand that fed him, and walked off with the fame that Marvel had graciously brought him.

As with all legends there's a certain amount of truth in this, but it depends on which viewpoint you're looking from. Smith made Conan, despite all howls to the contrary. If there'd been no Smith there might well have been a Conan, but I doubt whether the book (the comicbook, and all its subsequent efforts) would have taken off as it has done, even allowing for the reappearance of interest in Howard over the past few years.

There's no denying that Ray Thomas did an excellent job of editing and writing the Conan books. On the other hand, you'd have to be the worst writer in the world to write up a Howard story. It seems clear to me that the early Conan books stand or fall on their art—and the fact that Conan and Howard are now major industries within the Marvel complex shows just how enduring a connection Smith's Conan really was.

One of the main reasons the early Conan stayed the course is Smith's



power as a storyteller. In fact, Smith is as much a born storyteller (though in pictures) as Howard himself (the reason why Howard's stuff fascinated and inspired him in the first place). There's a natural affinity between the two.

And even so, there have always been disappointments and criticisms with the Conan comics. Bad and hokey drawing, there's been bad printing and worse coloring (however good the original coloring—much of it done by Smith, or under his supervision—the variations of many of the books look as though they'd been executed by ten year olds), there have been bad stories, and silly stories (the Eric Twister, for instance).

But does all this matter? Comics are supposed to be a junk medium, anyway. The trouble is, Smith is an

obsessive perfectionist, and an obsessive perfectionist should never have got into comics (a notoriously slipshod medium) in the first place.

On the other hand, under no circumstances should Marvel be regarded as artists in the matter. Documentary evidence shows that Smith's page-rate was appallingly low even when the success of Conan was assured—and this for a young British artist, with few contacts, trying to make it as a star city (Oxford, the darkest, most paranoid city in the world) under



generally miserable condition.

Despite all this, there are cartoon of the *Cowan* comic that are classics of their kind. All have work in them (same mark, others built which, in a way, is a powerful indictment of the comics industry in itself, for they show what comics could be rather than what they are. And they show this in a manner that is totally at variance with the accepted idea of creative comicbook drawing.

"To draw good comics," says Smith, "it isn't necessary to have bloody great figures leaping across the page, crushing three or four jagged frames beneath their heels. This can be visual, certainly—but what's the point of it? What's it prove... apart from the fact that you can draw fancy—and any fool can do that.

"I prefer action to happen when it's logically preposed, and it must be drawn believably. This is what



succeeds for me."

And it's even better if one can succeed to such an extent that the money-man has flairs above (the guru who really call the shots in the comics biz are left cocking with glaze.

Also, the comicbook industry is for too long a master to allow for intellectual creativity of this nature. Street deadlines require speed, and speed requires cutting of corners, and cutting of corners requires that the artist submerge his or her originality down identity. In some cases I can think of art as being with the mortgage. The history of the comicbook is littered with quite nice houses.

For since the Barry Smith—whose best friend and worst enemy is a little gentile who believes "his compromise" at certain moments of stress—the *Garbary Press* (or its official abbreviation GPP) is the logical outcome of a short but disciplined career. Smith founded the company over a year ago. It was a wife and concept born out of necessity. He became his own publisher, and more importantly, his own Editor.

Impatience or heavy business sense (all it what you will) pushed him on to draw what he wants to draw in his own time, in his own way, and to satisfy his own personal dooms.

So far GPP has produced six major theme apart from ephemera



like a Christmas card, bookmarker, and so on, of which there are only two that Smith finds in any way satisfactory: "The Ram and the Poet" and "The Enchantment".

The former, despite sloppy drawing (the barbarian's legs, for instance) still excites him because within the confines of that square bar the picture works as a piece of pure design. "The Enchantment" is painstakingly thought out, well designed, well executed, well printed—and totally disturbing. It's a notable watershed, a dividing-line between young, fumbling Barry Smith, and the Barry Smith who has something to say. There's nothing here that smacks of the pre-emptive syndrome, nor is the majority of what he draws. There must, he believes, be meaning and contrast to a picture. Smith is insistent on this particular point.

"Even when I was drawing comics full-time, I could see the massive gulf between what's called *Real Art* and comicbook art. From *Real Art* I derived an intellectual and emotional satisfaction. From single picture comic art I got nothing. In fact, if anything, it was an unpleasant sensation.

"Look, I can best illustrate my viewpoint about all this by a simple



analogy. "He loves her" by the Beatles is pure entertainment, and fairly meaningless, whereas "Day in the Life" is both entertaining and highly personal. It says something. It's full of meaning, content... whatever. "Day in the Life" can be realized on several conceptual levels, though of course it doesn't have to be.

"Readily, there must be better things to strive for than a picture that offers nothing after the initial impact," Smith explains. "And the ultimate ambition of the *Garbary Press* is to publish work by artists who use their heads as well as their brushes. Any artist, no, I've got to stress that because I have a feeling that there's a lot of people out there who think that *Garbary's* just dedicated to the greater glory of Barry Smith."

And, of course, the reason why GPP has so far only published work by Smith is simply because he's trying to make a point to stand,



even that can be understood by all. As he implies, a pretty picture isn't enough. It gratifies merely the eyes, and once that gratification is put to rest, succeeds after the picture is first used there's nothing left, the promise is unfulfilled. It's what might be called book-art: all white and no substance.

Garbary's ideal can even be applied to comicbooks—and, after nearly three years' absence from the comics medium, Smith is actively engaged in reworking of the *Robin Hood* theme, for a full-colour book previously titled *The Road Robin Hood*, to be published by GPP.

The main aim with *Robin* is to present a comicbook story using the realistic approach. There is, not simply a book adaptation in a comicbook format, but a mainstream novel in pictures.

Certainly, a good solid story is needed: a story that is interesting, entertaining, intelligent, and, of course, dramatic (thematically as well as visually). GPP believes that "Robin" has all these ingredients, but, naturally, with a project that time to reach fruition. The basic storyline was produced in September of last year (1974), and a provisional release date has been set for the Spring of '76. Once "Robin"





has been published, G&P hopes that other writers and artists will want to continue along the same lines for the company.

In the long run, however, whether or not the book ever comes out is of little importance. Even if G&P itself were to fold up its tents and, like the Arabs, steel itself away, this would be no great disaster. For Smith himself has left a body of work that has proved his point already, in a way. He has left some excellent comics, designs, drawings, that are of solid worth and have given pleasure and inspiration to many. His left a number of pictures that do not simply look good but are disturbing, fascinating, and intellectually valid. In certain quarters, Smith has a reputation for verifiability, ruthlessness, bad temper, non-cooperation and assorted other undesirable qualities. Simple as the age of this creative artist has something to do with this, but it by no means explains it all.

There have been battles with Marvel, problems over copyright

control, hassles with book and magazine publishers, lies and lawsuits in the back, not to mention not getting paid for work done.

And then, of course, there's this artwork. Smith was one of the first in the States of not the very first to argue against the slipping away of one's work (art or story) by entering a publisher's clasp. In legal terms, this is in fact a joke, the clause on the cheque that lets publishers retain all rights is meaningless, and, if put to the test, would be laughed out of court. Nowadays comicbook publishers are rather more wary to return artwork to artists.

And it isn't as if with the creation of G&P all his problems are over. There are still printers to contend with, printers who are late on deadline, and kick up jobs that have taken weeks to get first right. And then there are all those crazy little dealers out there who double (even triple) up Smith's own prices to make that quick and greedy buck, thus effectively destroying the bargain angle G&P's been cut-

ting its own costs to its bene to achieve (and in the world of mainstream art you'd be lucky to get a signed, limited, full colour piece like "The Endowment" for under \$200, let alone \$5.00).

All these hassles—and then you have to get back to the drawing board to beat your mind to a pulp to come up with something new that's not just a cap-set. To be frank, Smith can do without other people fucking up his head, he's pretty adept at it himself. I've known Barry Smith for upwards of six years, and he's all the things I've said he is. Even allowing for friendly lies on my part, there are times when I could cheerfully throttle him.

And yet, at a moment's notice he can become an entirely different person. Kindly, thoughtful, generous to a fault. When he's at his happiest he's a pleasure to be with, since he has a keen sense of the ridiculous, is articulate and funny, and has vast enthusiasm for those things can cement an excitement of epic proportions.

Quite honestly, the Gerdman Press is the best thing that's happened to Smith in years. Whatever it's drawbacks (and there are many), there's no denying that it's an idea—an idea worth fighting for. Quality work by quality artists that is, artists who care enough about their work actually to put some thought into it, into the idea, design, and execution. Artists who want to take on artistic risks, with an optimum situation where they have overall control from the original conception to the full realization of that conception—where they can work with the printer, for instance, choosing, selecting, passing to ensure that each piece of work is both satisfactory and satisfying, an original in every sense.

And not just fine prints—but comicbooks, portfolios, fine books in limited editions. Bobbi Hood could be the forerunner to a co-operative output on a par with the Koinstam Press of William Morris, a dream of course it's a dream. But it's not a fantasy, for the dream has a solid foundation in the

work that G&P is publishing right now.

The one major snag is that sustained pressures of every kind might well bring Smith to total rejection, rejection of all markets, leading to a rejection of the only bread the work that keeps him and G&P going. Thus a further turning is on himself. Thus a dollar value—or, worse, no value at all.

This, I think, would be not only a waste of a highly original talent, but the destruction of an ideal that could, if worked at hard enough, be as important and influential contribution to contemporary art.

"Art must live beyond itself, to be Art it must go further than its original flourish. Once one understands that it's up to the individual to go as far as he can." ©

For further information on the Gerdman Press, write for the new Illustrated Catalogue of work published in 1974/75. Just send \$1 to The Gerdman Press, Dept. 812 Box 99, Madison Square Station, N.Y. N.Y. 10018.



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Popular culture scholar Ron Goulart (known also for his prize-winning fiction) opens the yellowing pages of yesterday's newspapers, flipping past ancient front-page stories about dictators and New Dealers, to alight on the meaningful pages—the comic strips. Among those he brings back to life (helped by numerous illustrations):

BUCK ROGERS. As the 26s ended, Anthony Rogers went to sleep, to wake up in the 25th century.

TARZAN. The jungle lord was given a lag up by his chief chronicler, the amazing Edgar Rice Burroughs. But never forget the contributions of artists Hal Foster, Rex Maxon and Burne Hogarth (whose drawings of the lifted apes were displayed in the Louvre).

AVIATION STRIPS. Smilin' Jack, Tallman Tommy, Seykora, Scorchy Smith,

Flyin' Jenny and Barney Baxter ("approved by the Junior Broome of America").

GANGBUSTERS. Click Tracy, of course. And Dan Dunn, Secret Agent X-9 (created by Dashiell Hammett and Alex Raymond), Radio Patrol, Red Barry.

FLASH GORDON. Drawn by Alex Raymond, perhaps the seminal and certainly the most admired of all strip artists.

THE WAY WEST. With the exception of Red Ryder, cowboy strips were linked by city tellers who had never thrown a leg over a saddle. One strip, in fact, was drawn by a New Yorker cartoonist. Urbane, scholarly (checkful of actual interviews with Milton Caniff, Alfred Andriola, Roy Crane, et al.) and appreciative, *The Adventure Decade* is a warmhearted, careful study of one of yesterday's innocent pleasures.



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SPACE: 1999

September 1999. The most devastating explosion in the history of mankind blasts the moon out of orbit. On it are 311 men and women determined to survive, pitted against forces of nature so extraordinary, life forms so strange, and environments so hostile that their unexpected space odyssey is beyond the grasp of human comprehension.

This is the saga of *Space: 1999*, an exciting new science fiction adventure series from England, starring Martin Landau, Barbara Bain and Barry Morse. Together, they find themselves as a fantastic trek through the stars, encountering new and unusual dangers in the most extensively and extravagantly budgeted sci-fi series ever.

The premise behind *Space: 1999* is that, in the not so distant future, space travel will become both commonplace and necessary. When extraterrestrial risks suddenly are investigated, all the nations of Earth unite to create an early warning system, based on the moon.

Thus, Moonbase Alpha is created and manned by 311 men and women from all the countries of the world. Unfortunately, the excessive use of atomic power on earth has created a deadly radioactive waste problem, and the de-

struction is made to use the far side of the moon as a storage area.

As *Space: 1999* begins, the felly of this decision is revealed as a series of thermonuclear explosions occur that tear open portions of the moon and send it hurtling out of orbit and into deep space.

starship alpha

Somewhat still intact, Moonbase Alpha careers away from Earth. It can never return, and becomes the only world for its inhabitants, whose goal is now to find a more compatible planet on which to settle.

Self-sustaining, the base is able to maintain survival conditions with atomic and solar power, a fertile society through the incredible vastness of space begins. It is the conflict, exploration, and struggle against the life forms in deep space that become the primary concern of the 311 survivors and the springboard idea for *Space: 1999*.

Incorporated into the show's concept is every successful element

ever used in a science fiction series, skillfully drawn together to cater to American television audiences. Stars, directors and writers have carefully tailored the show to attract sophisticated fans, with a record six and a half million dollars budget ensuring the quality with better sets, costumes and production. Producers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson (1970, *The Professionals*) have gathered the best in special effects experts and science-fiction authors to further insure credibility.

Together for the first time since Mission: Impossible, Martin Landau and Barbara Bain have pivotal roles in the series development. Landau stars as Commander Koenig, leader of Moonbase Alpha, chosen for his combination of outstanding leadership qualities, superior state knowledge and unswerving administrative ability. He holds command over countless from all nations because their leaders have acknowledged him as the best man for the job.

Barbara Bain is Dr. Helena Russell, chief medical officer of the Moonbase. Her responsibilities in the series are linked with the orbital, psychological, emotional and physical stability of the Alpha inhabitants. Her sphere of influence extends to Commander Koenig, with whom she

has a close, personal relationship. Barry Morse, from *The Fugitive*, stars as Professor Victor Sergeant, a scientist whose remarkable work is responsible for the establishment of the Moonbase. It was here Koenig's mentor and teacher, the professor has remained a close friend and together with Dr. Russell, forms the Moonbase which makes the series decisions for the survival of the space travelers.

sci-fi cost high

Sets are a major aspect in the production of *Space: 1999*. Because of the large budget for the series, 24 shows, entire planets, galaxies and alien worlds have been designed to meet every show feature, new and different locations, giving the series a truly impressive, epic point of view.

In the series' initial episode, the moon is rocked with the orbital shattering explosion which gives the show its start, and the many personalities of Moonbase Alpha that start off by blowing up the moon.

death, struggles and conflicts.

Subsequent shows take the survivors to other worlds, much in the tradition of *Star Trek*, to meet weird alien, outlying each other stars as Christopher Reeve and new alien galactic perils. One week they are battling an all-consuming "black out," and the next they are up against war-like creatures from another age. In all, the series' 24 episodes run the full gamut of science-fiction drama and space opera adventure.

Originally intended as a network sponsored weekly series, *Space: 1999* has received less pickup by local stations as part of their prime time family viewing, and will run at different times and different days across the country. Though this will reduce the show from the ratings race that rules the network schedules, it does not entirely rule out the possibility of continuation should it prove successful. Thanks to its expensive cost and production standards, *Space: 1999* could just be the sleeping giant of the 75.26 TV season, and possibly the first totally successful cable oriented series to make money without major network backing. But then, what can you expect from a series that starts off by blowing up the moon? ■



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The fish closed on the woman and hunted fast, a dozen feet to the side and ten feet below the surface. The woman felt only a wave of pressure that seemed to lift her up in the water and ease her down again. She stopped swimming and held her breath, feeling nothing further, she resumed her lurching stroke.

"The fish smelled her now, and the vibrations—noise and abrasion—gave direction. The fish began to circle close to the surface. It's dorsal fin broke water, and it's tail thrashing back and forth, cut the glassy surface with a hiss. A streak of inches shook its body."

"For the first time, the woman felt fear, though she did not know why. Adrenaline shot through her trunk and her limbs, generating a tingling heat and urging her to swim faster. She guessed that she was fifty yards from where the shark could see the low of white foam where the waves broke on the beach. She saw the lights in the house, and for a comforting moment thought she saw someone pass by one of the windows."

"The fish was about forty feet from the woman, off to the side, when it turned suddenly to the left, dropped entirely below the surface, and, with two quick thrusts of its tail, was upon her. "At first, the woman thought she had snagged her leg on a rock or a piece of floating weed. There was no sharp pain, only one violent tug on her right leg. She reached down to touch her leg, touching water with her left leg to keep her head up, feeling in the darkness with her left hand. She could not find her foot. She reached higher on her leg, and then she was seized by a rush of noise and darkness.

Her grasping fingers had found a mob of bones and rotted flesh. She knew that the man, pulling free, was her only lead."

"Pain and panic struck together the woman threw back her head and screamed a guttural cry of terror."

"The opening attack from Peter Benchley's *Jaws*."

Jaws, the nightmare terror that chilled millions of readers, has become a new film franchise with the kind of instant stepping impact and suspense that hasn't been seen on the screen since *Pulpie*.

Based on Peter Benchley's best-selling novel (50 weeks on the best-seller charts in addition to two and a half million *Bestman* paperback editions), *Jaws* is one of the few books to film adaptations that equal or top the gut-wrenching force of the original version.

For anyone who hasn't been caught by *Jaws* grip, the movie delivers the thrills of the novel in a full-on, full-on, full-on way. It's a life and death hunt for a giant man-eating shark who finds his prey among the swimmers of a small seaside resort town.

The author (son of novelist Nathaniel Benchley and grandson of humorist Robert Benchley) got the idea for the book while on a fishing trip. Just off Nahant, LI, one of the fishermen hooked a Great White Shark, a 17½-foot, 4,500-pound critter. Its teeth, the monster turned on them and attacked the bait. Feeling the experience into a novel, Benchley added the role with a frightening and fascinating profusion of shark data, giving the drama a chilling reality. Benchley stayed on to adapt

the film along with Carl Gottlieb, but eventually stepped in the director's chair.

Based on Peter Benchley's best-selling novel (50 weeks on the best-seller charts in addition to two and a half million *Bestman* paperback editions), *Jaws* is one of the few books to film adaptations that equal or top the gut-wrenching force of the original version.

The shark footage itself was shot off the coast of Australia by Ron and Valerie Hooper, whose *Blue Water, White Death* has become the definitive shark documentary. First-copied photographs was that in and around Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Show of *The Shag* reluctantly gave New England's island tourist haven the honor of being the backdrop for the book's scenes as well as a doubt the boat is a Great most complex and challenging technical problems ever attempted on a film. Heavens, Director Steven Spielberg (Spielberg Express) and *Jaws* took him in off with responsibility demands he spent shocking effectiveness.

The terror begins on a balmy night in June as a young girl (Betsy) has beach pony for a naked swim. Well off shore, she's suddenly bumped upright out of the water. Froze with horror, she's jolted, slammed, whipped in on arc and dragged below the churning sea floor.

A few grisly remains are found the next morning by police chief

Martin Brody (played by Roy Scheider). He attempts to close the beach during the approaching July 4th weekend as thwarted by local businessmen who rely on summer tourism. He survives the shark's death of a young boy and a \$2,000 reward for the shark's capture.

An armada of bounty-hunting fishermen closes in before the feast of July holiday, a 12-foot nose shark school at the height of the summer season. We can't help remember (Richard Dreyfuss of *Buddy*) *Jaws* claims to be too small to have made the film later. A third writer follows. If the book is as good as the movie, it's that kind of movie. ■

and the crowded holiday turns into a real nightmare. Heavily patrolled by police, the beach is a scene of terror. The fishermen and Brody's wife become the only ones left on the beach.

Offering his services for \$10,000, local rogue fisherman, Quint (Robert Shaw) reluctantly gives New England's island tourist haven the honor of being the backdrop for the book's scenes as well as a doubt the boat is a Great most complex and challenging technical problems ever attempted on a film. Heavens, Director Steven Spielberg (Spielberg Express) and *Jaws* took him in off with responsibility demands he spent shocking effectiveness.

What follows in the next 10 hours is one of the most harrowing films ever conducted. The trip must be safe, whatever differences they have among themselves if they're to survive the battle with a creature as fierce and powerful in his nature. That he hasn't changed in the last three million years—23 feet, three-ton Great White the next morning by police chief

Alone, far out at sea, with no other ships for miles, the men attempt to close the beach during the approaching July 4th weekend as thwarted by local businessmen who rely on summer tourism. He survives the shark's death of a young boy and a \$2,000 reward for the shark's capture.

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COMIXSCENE

The trouble with the nation's economy and high prices are finally affecting the comic industry, on both National and Marvel cat back production in order to save money.

Citing an unusually severe winter sales slump, the posting of the master-comics phase, and new money Nightblade series, Marvel was the first to take action by canceling many of their mystery titles. *Man-Thing*, *Man-World*, *War-wolf* by Night, *Frankenstein*, *Marbles* and *The Hammer*, among others, were given the axe due to falling sales. The only strong seller, *Dracula*, will continue, with *The Sins* crew turning into a superhero as he graduates into his own book.

The small picture is not as grim as it appears however, because

a Garney/Thomas/Wolfman/Wain-approved plot. Julie Schwartz and Mary Wolfman are crediting the book, which will cost two dollars or more, and is already 112 pages long and not yet completed. What story could take 112 pages to tell? Well, for one thing, Spider goes to the moon, and Superman flies around the north a few times. As an interesting aside, Charlton is reportedly suing both Marvel and National over this book, charging monopolistic trade practices.

Apparently inspired by the *Spider-Man/Superman* condition, another Marvel/DC deal has been struck, this time by accident. The *Miracle* of DC, announced as a major project by both companies, has become the second title considered under a



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In addition to DC and the reprint *Marvel Treasury Edition*, new additions will include *Spider Super Starline*, *Marvel Special Edition* starring *The Deadly Heroes of Kung Fu*, and *Jack Kirby's 2001*, all planned for quarterly schedules.

There are also a number of new titles in the works at Marvel as replacements for the cancellations, but the strangest is undoubtedly a photo-caption magazine of the movie *Tenney*. Produced for Marvel as a freelance title by Archie Goodwin and John David Warner, the *Tenney* book utilizes song lyrics and a captioned story to get across the film's musical message.

There has moved up into his own black and white magazine, completely skipping his probationary



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these cancellations are being taken in response to sales figures from the generally bad winter season. Consequently, the distributor's quarterly financial reports are not indicative of the industry's overall profit/loss situation. An expected summer recovery like last year's, is expected to recoup this seasonal loss. If not, more titles have been placed on standby for elimination, mostly reprints. In any case, Marvel, as a company, did not lose money; only individual titles slipped in sales.

In response to their own sales figures, as well as Marvel's cut-back move, National has cancelled books, reduced publishing frequency, and reassigned many announced new titles to one-shot appearances.

atlas shrugged

For their part, Atlas Comics has all but given up hope of becoming comic's third great power.

Red Circle Comics, too, is apparently a lost cause, relying only to clear their inventory with various publications of *The Black Hood* and a mystery title.

Despite difficulties, work continues at both Marvel and National on the upcoming *Spider-Man/Superman* team-up comic. Ross Andru is penning the relations project, with Gerry Conway scripting from

credited banner due to a prior handshake agreement made between National and Marvel. Further than became involved in legal difficulties, or suffer competitive sales losses, Stan noted that DC in on the \$1.50 book other Marvel had completed the production work, thereby relieving control of the editorial content. Becoming part of the Marvel money-making machine he doubt had on influence on National's acceptance and cancellation of their own DC plans. This second merger between the two comic giants was so unexpected that the DC boys had to be added to the pages on the printers. Strangely enough, National has not exercised their option to buy into the last of DC, the second issue of the series, thereby supporting

claims that the original DC plot was basically Marvel harassment tactics. Marvel is stepping up production in their \$1.50 line, in order to have two or three on sale every month.

appears in *Marvel Preview*. Apparently encouraged by the strength of the thunder-pod's chair series, Marvel has boosted him along in the comic world, with pencilling by John Buscema with linking in the Philippines.

Taking their place in *Marvel Preview* will be a novel-length adventure of the black vampire-hunters, Blade. Originally intended as a four-part tale for this new debut *Vampire Tale*, Blade is now getting full-length book exposure, backed up by another blockbuster short story, also by Mary Wolfman.

Since the demise of *Savage Tales*, Marvel has been on a lull as to what to do with many of their straight adventure stars. As a result, *Marvel Action* has been added to the schedule for the summer, featuring such diverse characters as *The Punisher*, *Ko-Zer*, *Demonic Fortune* and various other try-out series.

In the *Comic* comic book, Tom Palmer has been forced to step

Red Scape is apparently being coerced on to duplicate the success of this sword and sorcery original. Work is being scheduled for issues beyond the previously announced one-shot *Thomas/Giordano* color comic. The big problem now is finding a steady artist who draws sexy girls.

In his black and white *Savage Sword of Conan* incarnation, the mighty sword-wielding barbarian has been boosted to a seven times a year schedule. In addition, a special summer reprint edition has been added to the roster, featuring seven pages from the regular *Savage Sword* with \$1.35 price tag.

For *Kull and the Barbarians*, Gil Kane's *Blackhawk* will continue to appear regularly, at least until the end of the current mind-boggling

NEWS/VIEWS/REVIEWS FROM THE WORLD OF COMICS

story. There is also a Thoms/Smith from *Not Morn* into coming up, based on Rowley's "Worms of the Earth." This is the series originally intended for underground publication, and is quite a few months old. Ray gained custody of the artwork because he paid Smith for the completed pages before the most recent Smith/Marvel/Thoms alteration. The only trouble with the upcoming job is that only a few pages were finished by Smith, and a new artist must be found to do the rest of the job.

The sales stature of Ray's *Selenia* fiction magazine is not yet known, but plans are already underway to make several basic changes in the book. Non-cards, typical stories will begin appearing with issue 7.

of *ROOM Magazine* will shine the spotlight on Kirby, The Vision and Storm Line.

And finally, in one of the strangest developments in recent years, Marvel has acquired the adaptation rights to the new defunct TV series, *The Prisoner*. Mary McInnes and Gene Colan will be handling the book on an alternating adapted/original story basis. Since the series has not appeared on TV for years, and the bullpen quite heavily for the book to last a half-century even if it were a labor of love there is serious financial vetting. Even though the original impetus behind the show has long since passed, Marvel does expect the book to last a half-century even if it were the pressure comes to



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for Spider Specter 10's Halloween Series-Chase, guest-starring Galt's entire menagerie of punsters as well as the 1940 characters The Owl and The Purple Zombie. Essentially a fright-family reunion, the tale officially bears no resemblance to the many stories other companies do to honor Tom Feary's arrival Halloween Parade and clinch with Specter performing an exorcism.

Artes Comics position in the field presently is grim indeed, with only four books set for summer publication, followed by immediate discontinuation of printing. *The Son of Greco*, *Phenix*, *Fright* and *Wolf* are scheduled for one last appearance in late summer, closing out the Subband Comics Line values surprisingly good sales figures in

engaging in a modestly deep but not an official contacts have been allowed, in point of fact, we now get MORE news than ever before, the S&D as well as the D&D, from all publishers. Look around, you'll see that we feature MORE than other publishers, the S&D news, not D&C-approved promotion. The winter slump in National sales has combined with an unusual lack of self-reliance in recent months as books are started, cancelled and altered to meet Marvel standards.

First, production, especially in the mystery line, has been out back. Nearly all the horror titles are now on a bi-monthly schedule, with *Ghost*, *Spider House* and *The Phantom Stranger* cancelled.



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led off by A. S. Varley's *Slam*. New series and books of Marvel include *Norwalk* in *Marvel Premier*, as the title once again becomes a color showcase for new ideas and concepts. *George the Unknown* will soon be making a memorable debut, written by Steve Gerber and drawn by Jay Mooney. Tony Isabella has planned on-shot appearances for the displaced X-Men, Ismen and the Angel. Black Widow is also getting a try-out, as well as two stories such for The Black Knight and The Time Machine. *Premiere's* ousted Iron Fist gets his own book, while Jack Kirby works up plans for a new super-powered group of heroes.

ROOM, Marvel's official fan club, is currently under the direction of *fantasies*, Duffy Vahnd and Scott Edmonson. Upcoming issues



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here into a superhero title. At Galt Ray, Don Glut continues to helm his own quartet of titles, expanding and strengthening his continuity-oriented formula in this last great bastion of the true "funny books."

Treasure and the Sky Girls 3 will feature "Stories of Fire Mountain," in which the cavern tribe is forced to build a homebase for the alien invaders inside an active volcano. The big development for Trege though, is the departure of Jesse Santos as artist, with an *Amazing* artist Don Spiggle taking over the strip.

Dogor 13 takes the barbaric hero and his girlfriend Greyke to a brand new world in the middle of a mysterious desert. Complications arise as the resident desert riders return with treasure stolen from a village of the Dark Gods, who send a quest leader to wreak vengeance. At usual, *Dogor* gets trapped in the middle, but this time, at battle's end, Greyke leaves him, even



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though she still loves him. Of course, this infuses a series of "Deger Uachinno" type stories, forcing our hero to begin talking to himself. Rutland, Vermont is the setting



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denies the possibility of resuming business successfully. As of June 20, editor Larry Lieber vacated his position as editor to pursue work elsewhere as a freelance artist/writer. Despite a perfect opportunity for becoming number three great power, Artes appears to have lost the ball after a disastrous start and fallen out of the running in the current comic book business.

Some readers have commented that the National news in past months has not been good, and have attributed this to editorial bias. As a result, only the best is forthcoming, analyzed with the utmost of candor to present, without personal opinion. If the news is bad, or reflects least-interest in DC propaganda, we can bear no responsibility. We are not



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Even such "Super Stars" as *Shanna* have been dropped from 8 to 6 times a year, following closely on last month's cut from 30-cent giant status. Joe Orlando, whose inventory backlog is legendary, and especially extends to 1979, is now booked up until 1983 in some titles.

All the new books from Canway's Center have come under careful scrutiny, resulting in some transfers to First Edition. Special one-shot try-outs, *Man-Bat*, *AliStar* featuring North II's Super Squad, and the multicolor colored *NEW Blackheads* are reportedly still series books, though artists and writers are preferring a 1 to 5 issue life span for most of them.

The Legend of King Arthur may or may not appear in the giant

k.a. crowned, goodnight knight

deliberate as advertised. Despite claims to the contrary, distribution and sales of the dollar goods are not what they should be, and the chances of a format change on such a speculative book as *Arthor* are possible. Originally intended as four year books in a quarterly book, *Arthor* will probably appear, planned for issue 1, then drop the 25-cent size, then disappear.

The giant *Shin* Trench York is scheduled to appear in August, but

5



A black and white comic book cover for 'Nick Fury: The Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.' The title is at the top in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the title is a high-contrast, grainy illustration of Nick Fury, showing his face and upper body in a dramatic, action-oriented pose. The background is dark with some lighter, abstract shapes.



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[illegible][illegible]

COMIXSCENE

the Terry volume is not anticipated due to the massive cutbacks and DC's reluctance to pay for the use of strips from which they will make a profit.

Even though they dropped their own Wizard of Oz phase after joining Marvel's project, DC is still casting Marvel ideas as they are announced. Marvel's Sherlock Holmes is being covered, Marvel's Hercules turns up as a new book titled Hercules Unleashed. Needles to say, threats of lawsuits abound, with charges and countercharges being made. Even the Sandman and Superman are involved, thanks to their hero/villain roles at both companies. The situation has reached the stage where Marvel projects are being kept secret until they are

which was killed with only three issues on the stands and few sales figures.

Ric Estrada and Wally Wood have taken over the art on Justice Inc., following Kirby's resignation, and here is fact that he shoulder the load on several other series as well. Unfortunately, the damage done to Marvel by Jack's exodus is not so easily repaired, as more and more critics are following Evans, Robbins, Nash, Gaskron and Kirby looking to Marvel for future employment.

The reaction to Kirby's resignation at National was apparently twofold, and more than one source indicated that it was not pleasant. Separately, 75 Centavertel Plaza reverberated with outraged fury and loud demanding accusations



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er, which should keep the comics from receiving short money for quite a few years. In light of this, the recent cutbacks seem even more bizarre.

Strangely enough, Marvel is not too worried about DC's new financial backing, largely considering it to be publicity money rather than cold usable cash. But if the dollars are real, their concern may still be negligible, or as an editor put it, "How that will be money is more important money, maybe they'll start doing some good books."

August 1, 2 and 3 are three days to take note of if you're into the Marvel or the Tube or in theaters. That's when the Tele-Fantasy Con

conned again

will be held at the Commodore Hotel in New York, and the guests in attendance will be many and interesting. Peter Linde creator Joe Stefano will be there, along with special effects man Jim Danforth; Doc Savage's paperback model Steve Holland, the man with the voice you've heard a thousand times; Paul Fries, and many, many more.

At about the same time from July 30 to August 3, San Diego's El Comix Hotel will host the annual Comix Con. Besides the usual deal in rooms and film shows, the con-



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ready to be printed, so that the books will be firmly entrenched when the Otto Cray Family appears.

In regards to the latest "New Wave" of titles, including She-Hulk, Claw, Richard Dragon, Justice Inc., The Joker, etc., whose cancellations may be due soon, just as it struck The Shadow, Nemo, Weird Worlds, Sword of Sorcery and other "Super Stars." For the present, no realistic concern is available concerning sales figures, which says how small DC's position on the Condemnable and Metropolitan, Illinois, both which have since effectively disappeared.

all in the families

National's Family Ties are apparently their brightest ray of hope as the comic heroes. Sales on the Belmont Family and Superman Family have inspired the creation of the Superhero Family, reprinting old Breen and Bold, World's Finest and Teen Titans tales. There is also a Tarzana Family title planned, supposedly featuring Karol, and reprinting Peacemaker and John Carter stories. The only trouble is that Marvel may kill the book due to the fact that they are using the main Tarzana characters in their own Burroughs series. Tarzana Family, incidentally, replaces the Karol title,



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when "the traitor" was discovered. The trouble reportedly lasted some two hours up and down the halls before abating into tense stillness. By late afternoon, DC's "official" position was formulated and rationalized as more or less "we didn't need the business anyway. He was just dragging our sales down and losing money."

Luckily, National shouldn't have to worry about losing money any more, due to the recent Superman \$6 million/6 picture deal. As we understand it, Warner Communications Films transferred \$6 million to Warner Communications Comics, keeping it all in the family.

What it all comes down to apparently is that the film company has found a family-based tax shield



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warrior has a quest for a mile long, including Wild Blazer, Starline, Barry Smith, Stan Lee, Gil Kane, Jack Kirby, George Papp, Chuck Austin, Russ Manning, Bob Clampett, Jim Starlin, Roy Reddery and dozens more. There's even a macequade, banquet and a magic show.

LATE NEWS, an unconfirmed report from a high source has just revealed a block of cancellations, many of which were predicted in the previous issue of MISADVENTURE. The following books have been killed with the issue indicated: Omega 8, Justice Inc. 4, Shocker 4, She-Hulk Volume 1, Bearwell's, Phantom Stranger 4, Wild Mystery Tales 20, Secrets of The Starline House 5, Young Romance 205, and Super-Teen Family 1.®



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AMERICA'S NEW MAGAZINE OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT

MEDIA SCENE



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SECTION TWO





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THE RETURN OF THE THING

Is there a comic book alive who doesn't know the meaning of that phrase, or who hasn't relied to it's message? It's doubtful. Anyone who attended the Mighty Marvel Convention in March will have a difficult time forgetting one of the most devastating moments in the history of comics—the announcement that Jack Kirby was returning to Marvel!

Pandemonium broke loose! The end of the Second World War couldn't have been greeted with more enthusiasm. Stan Lee himself leapt into the arena, while attending Marvelites roared, cheered and shouted their approval, then settled down to glass every detail of the unexpected move.

The mob bristled with questions. Did Jack intend to resume his part on the *FF* Series? There! Would he continue to both write and draw his books? What new characters were on the board? Who was slated to ink the King's pencils? A Niagara of queries was forthcoming. Jack and Stan did their best to satisfy their audience's demands, but it was clearly evident that the development was to reach final place for Kirby had just to be worked out. In fact, it was later learned, Kirby's contract with Marvel still had to be finalized. The move had come so sudden and unexpectedly that not only was the Marvel bullpen exposed of the alliance, the powers at National Comics were apparently totally ignorant of the fact their most prolific and prestigious staffer was gone from their ranks.

In answering the barrage of questions, Lee and Kirby revealed a number of possibilities that could occur in the future. One of the hottest ideas was a glorified Silver Surfer magazine, a project which elicited the most enthusiastic response. The Surfer, one of Kirby's many *Flagship* creations, had been sidelined the crowd-favorite and would be brought back to his original status in Kirby's capable hands.

Kirby revealed the possibility of continuing his epic New Gods saga under the Mighty Marvel banner. No one was certain regarding the status of the series, whether it belonged to Jack himself or to Matt Klotz. The likelihood exists, of course, that Kirby will initiate a new series at Marvel using the same names as the New Gods, with characters and settings similar enough to be instantly recognizable but different enough to avoid legal entanglements.

Kirby meets howard

Other Marvel characters were discussed, but purely as a tentative basis. Kirby's knowledge of Marvel's mythology of supermen, especially during the last five years, was admittedly waning. When questioned about Howard the Duck, Kirby amusingly confessed his lack of recognition for the character, though some of the audience felt his comment was a light-hearted critical assessment. Lee immediately threatened to bring Jack up-to-date by shipping Marvel's last five years' output to Kirby's California residence.

As the conventions dispersed, Kirby became the prime subject of conversation. Lee, always the indefatigable showman, had timed the announcement just right, and paid off the three-day affair with a blockbuster climax that left attendees feeling they had been part of comic history in the making, which indeed they had been.

Since that time, a wall of secrecy has been kept regarding Kirby's projects at Marvel. A number of books backlogged at National are still forthcoming (all were covered in the previous issue of *MEDIA SCENE*).

With that fact in mind, Jack decided to give *MEDIA SCENE* an exclusive preview of his upcoming books for Marvel. He prefaced it by revealing the reasons for his switch of companies. "There were more creative solutions, of course, but I guess you could say conditions were right and I missed the old characters."

One of the conditions mentioned was certainly the financial status of Kirby's return to the Marvel Empire. Obviously the acts were asked to accommodate his artist/writer/producer capacity. Kirby will continue to write his books, and revealed no plans for collaborations at present. "What I'm trying to do is, I call *MARVEL*," he explained. Selling Marvel is, of course, something Jack Kirby knows better than almost anyone. The Marvel Age was born, grew and matured from the Kirby Style of Art and Action, from through the period of his absence, the Marvel approach remained essentially Kirby, predicted upon the success of the previous decade. Jack promises a new surprise this time around. "Comics is a flexible art form, and I'm experimenting with it."

Experimentation in the Kirby style could make for some of the most exciting developments in years, since his conceptual approach has been consistently fresh and dynamic. He promises to unleash his imagination on a new Marvel project which is destined to become a milestone in comic art, a pictorial version of Arthur Clarke's 2001: A Space Odyssey.

Jack casually understated his approach. "I'll try to make it as interesting as the film. Basically, the story is the same as the movie version, except this time, instead of being told by Kubrick, it'll be told by Kirby. The book begins with the one sequence and develops from there. I'll be experimenting with variations in panel layout, with plenty of full and double pages to maximize the book's cinematic look. There will be plenty of special

effects too, especially during the final trip sequence."

Appropriately, 2001 was tailored to herald Kirby's return to Marvel, the perfect subject matter for his comic approach. At this writing, the book is not yet on the Marvel schedule, but sources indicate it will materialize as an 80-page \$1.50 one-shot book, plans are now under consideration to make it a series, with Kirby developing the themes beyond 2001, perhaps elaborating on Clarke's own visions. Willy Wood, who collaborated with Jack on *Sgt. Masters* and *Challengers of the Unknown*, has been discussed as a possible ink, as has Sienkiewicz, Giolico and even Matt Wrightson. Approximate date will probably be in October.

...and his top creation

Besides turning in covers for a host of Marvel books (giving him the opportunity to get back into the feel of the Marvel Marvel), Kirby is concentrating his efforts on the Captain America strip, perhaps the one single creation with which he is most identified.

"I was 22 when I first did Captain America," Kirby recalled, "and it's a satisfying feeling to be drawing the strip again." He gives no changes in Cap's costume. "It's been the real formula for my success all along. When I'm making changes, however, it's the construction of a new storyline for Cap. I'm injecting the stories with the special life I have the strip. I'll start in that way. Night now. I've plotted out a somewhat series, with every story complete in itself, yet working toward an ultimate climax. What I'm attempting to do is find new and

exciting guidelines for the series while going deeper into Cap's identity than ever before."

When questioned about the constant and unending emphasis Marvel has recently put on Cap's alter ego/secret identity, Jack summed up the situation perfectly. "My Captain America has never had any problems with his identity." He clarified that The Falcon will remain in the new storyline. "We are not even approaching Kirby's feeling for the comic's number one pinball, and his return to the strip is a long overdue, much-awaited event. New projects are still in the planning stages. Kirby has recently drawn a *Cave* cover which Roy Thomas hopes will presage a full-length *Cave* tale. Paperbacks, record albums, even movie deals are being considered for Kirby's story. He hinted of a new series, built around a group of heroes, one of the things that Kirby does best. "Customized, action-wise, they'll be more than just impressive. They'll be done in a long time." The series will debut sometime next Spring, with *MEDIA SCENE* filling in the details well beforehand.

Kirby's work, naturally, has changed over the past few years. He has also diminished detail, while emphasizing the story's internal dynamics. The fast-paced, shattering action has remained constant and will certainly continue to do so. The thinking artist is always striving to change and improve his approach. Kirby is no exception. His growth over the years has been awesome and fascinating—and shows no sign of letting up. Certainly one of the most exciting aspects of Kirby's return to Marvel will be witnessing the further expansion of his talents.

Kirby is back—and he's apparently more pleased than anyone about it. He summed up the situation capably. "I guess you just got to miss the old gang."

Certainly no more than we have missed him.



the illustrative art of NEAL ADAMS

Neal Adams is something of a phenomenon—a comic-book artist who has not only made good, but who has progressed to the stage of illustrating book covers, movie posters and major advertising campaigns. But then the entire career of Neal Adams has been something of a phenomenon.

Starting his career in the late 50's with minor advertising work, (generally shop-work which could be adapted to any number of ad campaigns), Adams quickly looked for a way to assert his individuality, his feelings with regard to the world around him. Striking out, he found himself ghosting art work for various comic strips and an occasional newspaper for Archie Comics. This eventually led to work as major adventure comics, such as *The Fly*, and soon to his first major job in 1962 as cartoonist on the *New Casey* daily strip.

Bar Casey was a natural for Neal, his extremely realistic, almost photographic style was uniquely suited for a strip about a popular TV character whose face was known intimately by millions. Neal artists would have been satisfied with the assignment and settled down with their cans, quite, safe income and relaxed if not there. Not Neal Adams.

He again found the need to expand, to do something more. He experimented with a new strip idea, a tale of saturovators, of those men expending the frontiers of science. It didn't sell. He went into new fields—advertising and the comics.

Neal's comic work was something special, again, his unique style, an almost photographic approach, combined with striking characterization and eye-catching visual effects, instantly catapulted him to the top of the comic field.

Beginning in 1968, he effectively redesigned the Batman, a character caught in a severe slump for many years. He breathed new life into such older, more established characters as Superman. He re-created and effectively redesigned the X-Men. His *Ka-Zar* set the standards for all the others. And his *Dreadnaught* and *Species* became popular and acclaimed characters in their own rights.

rennovated green team

Adams did, his work as *Green Lantern-Green Arrow* stands out. Once a dying, rather hackneyed super-hero, *Green Lantern* was transformed in 1970 into something special: A man, a man with conscience, with self-will and self-determination. Adams' *Green Lantern* was a comic first, a character who turned away from his heretofore omnipotent cartoon authority, *The Greenies*, and began to think for himself.

And *Green Arrow*. *Green Arrow* was something really special, the first really real comic book character. A man, sport, a man all others would like to be like, but a man tortured by his own problems, his fervent goals, his word a junkie, the love of his life seemingly unattainable, and yet always so close. *Green Arrow* was a character to be reckoned with.

And so was Neal Adams. Winner of multiple Shazars (the highest comic-award award), lauded by the fan world, lauded by officials both at home and in foreign countries (Adams' work is some-

thing a coupe calibre in France, and major articles on his work have appeared in many major French art digests), but Neal Adams the man was still not satisfied.

The comic work was available, but Neal worked slowly, exactly, and the remuneration was not (at the time) commensurate with either the content or caliber of work required. Neal turned to other markets. He and his associates had been doing a goodly amount of advertising work for some time, now they did more. Theyboard layouts for TV commercials (Ford, Trident, etc.), magazine layouts, newspaper ads, movie ads, (Coppa Doreale, Westworld, etc.), but still he was not satisfied.

Then, in 1972, a new frontier. Wars, a science-fictional, comic-book-like play was, opening an doorway, and Neal was asked to be art director, to design costumes and backgrounds. He did, some of the most imaginative and spectacular ever seen on Broadway—while new career had opened up. His work was praised by all the reviewers, but the show was not. Wars closed, and Neal abandoned the theater. For the moment.

There was another untried field left open. Neal had done many comic covers over the years, but had never painted one. Marvel was going into full-scale production with their black and white magazines, and Neal decided to do some of their covers. Working in familiar mediums, water colors, magic markers and pen-and-ink, Neal turned out his first cover for *Breathless*—a striking role-swapped scene of Brezila crunched as the (angelic) carnal and bottomless of his coat, beautiful girl in his arms, the mandatory swears of villagers reeling towards him. It was meaty

stuff, Neal was happy but not satisfied. Others followed, Bruce Lee, *Mad Thing*.

Then still another new frontier beckoned!

Illustrative books planned to re-package their Tarzan books, with new cover illustrations. Apparently the previous covers had not selling as well as they should, Neals decided to try a new cover artist. They asked Neal Adams.

adams and the ape-man

Adams did six covers on a first basis—the first six in the series, if they were successful more would follow. He decided he was going to change the cover conception of Tarzan. He would still be an ape-man, certainly. But he would be something more. He would have strength, but he would also have grace, and a certain rough, masculine beauty. A beauty of form and line, the beauty that is graceful, manly, and strong healthy masculine. Neal's Tarzan would be Tarzan as Burroughs saw him in his mind. The noble savage, the non-phys.

Neal's designs were successful. The first cover, showing Tarzan, mounted by a crouching Orangutan and Tarzan rushing to the rescue through a forest setting which reined with authenticity, impressed the *Burroughs* people so much that they prepared a full of campaign built around copies of the new covers. Further pieces were put into effect for a new edition of the second six books. Adams had triumphed once again.

The secret to Adams' Tarzan paintings is their consistency. He does not use oil or acrylics, rather a special sort of water-soluble dye (Dr. Martens) that doesn't allow for the wild, rather self-limiting colors that other illustrators affect. Rather this more ethereal look allows for lighter, more transparent and airy effects. Adams' forests in the Tarzan paintings look like forests. The very air looks moist and there is a fine effect of the sun fighting through foliage and trees to reach the ground with a dappled, dithered look. In addition, while the figures look less intense than they would in other mediums, there is a definite vividness to them, a linear glow that makes them look much more real, if larger-than-life.

Neal Adams is not, however, satisfied even yet. There is more to come in his future. He will continue painting the remainder of the Tarzans, covers for Marvel, even special advertising jobs (includes a new general release poster for *Phenomena* done in collaboration with Rich Carben), but he has more to share.

He is fascinated with 3-D effects and holograms. Fascinated to the extent that he has done a 3-D issue for the *National Science* and is doing a Star Trek comic book and record album cover. All this is addition to his regular advertising work and occasional center-oriented jobs.

The time may yet come when Neal Adams will be satisfied, when he will feel he has done all there is to do. But Neal is a young man and the future has yet to unfold. Is all likelihood that day will never come. But if it does, you can be assured that if he says he has done it all, Neal Adams speaks the truth. Doug Murray ©





Breakeridge Ellice?
Dashed Dargool?
Feller Dave Corliss?
Euse Caira?
F. X. Gordon?
James Allison?
Cornac Mac Art?
Torlough Dubh?
Winn Mack Morris?

If you think you know the work of Robert E. Howard but never heard of these characters, pay careful attention to what follows—you're about to learn the Howard hero as nobody knew!

Though he is justly famed for his two mighty barbarians, Conan and Kull, Howard's Henry efforts were by no means limited to them. A complete study of all his other heroes could easily fill a book. For the purpose of brevity, our main criteria for inclusion requires the character to be a fantasy hero used either in at least one full-length novel or more than one shorter story.

One of Howard's most unique swords & sorcery heroes is named Solomon Kane, a tall, grim English Puritan who is also one of his earliest creations. While most of Howard's characters were lawless by nature, or barely tolerant of it, Kane is a religious fanatic; a single-minded evangelist for the weak and hapless. Witness the following conversation between Kane and a murderer: he has paroled him from France to the jungles of Africa.

"Why have you followed me like this? I do not understand."

"Because you are a man who is in my destiny to kill," answered Kane coldly. He did not understand

All his life he had dreamed about the world riding the weak and fighting against it; he neither knew nor contemplated why. That was his obsession, his driving force of life. Coldly and firmly to the weak sent a red blaze of fury, fierce and lasting, through his soul!"

Howard wrote twelve stories—some tragically unfilled—and some poems about Kane. Several are set in the Europe of the 16th and 17th centuries, but most are in the wilds of Africa.

With his keen interest in Celtic lore it was only natural that some of Howard's tales should be set in Ancient Britain. Perhaps the best of these are his stories of Bran Mak Morn, grim leader of the Pictish tribes, and a direct descendant of Brute the Great (Brutus) from the days of King Kull. The Picts—for whom Howard worked out a possible history—were interesting in that they had regressed from a clean-lined, civilized race to primitive speckle-skinned, except for their kingly

"I saw a slim dark-skinned man, whose head would come scarcely to my shoulder, but who seemed life and strength as a panther. He resembled the Picts no more than I did, yet there was about him a certain, apparent kinship to them."

"I had expected a monstrous, a hideous, deformed giant, a ferocious dwarf, bent in limping with the rest of his race."

"You are not at all wrong."

"The line of chiefs has kept its blood line pure through the ages..."

True is the subject of four short

stories and a poem, set in the age of the Roman conquest; in the last, north of Hadrian's Wall, he battles the armored legions, and sometimes the Womers of the faith, a very old race that thrives through several Howard stories. Yet his adventures do not end with his death; they also touch those of two other heroes, Torlough Dubh (also called Torlough O'Brien) and Ishmael the Seer. They are first mentioned in one of Howard's finest single stories, The Grey Dead Passes, in which he vividly describes the epic battle of Clontarf. Howard gives a vivid picture of both sides, and the hatred between Gael and Viking, while underscoring all their stories. Torlough is a Gael, and Athabene a Seer's nemesis who has joined the Vikings.

"I have your blood at I hate Seer's/renown the Gael, a Viking of meanness in his boasting ones. 'Four wolves have ravaged my people for you,' he said, 'that is an injustice five hundred years! The unending and desperate looting which may spread like rust on wheat and undermine the foundation of men if he not stopped yet like a young serpent under heel!'"

"Yet before the story ends, Wolf here has paid reason to change his mind."

One of Howard's frequently used names was that of reincarnation, a name race, do they finally become friends.

Cornac Mac Art (also called as Cornac) is another Gael. The tale exception first has set about the time of Conan, about when Cornac's name has some less than romantic origin. He is an ancestor who has

joined a Viking band under Wulf here (Shallwimer), and in his second incarnation and main villain:

"Cornac Mac Art has all the guile and restless valor of his race. He is tall and ruddy, a tiger where Wulfhans is a wild bull."

Finally some of Howard's own philosophy can be found in the pointed comments Wulfhans makes about the baffling new faith called Christianity.

"The great Viking was sincerely amazed. 'Is it truly their creed to take lives like slaves?'"

"Yes to whom need for evil need to forgive their oppressors."

The giant meditated on this statement for a moment. 'That is not a creed, but cleverness,' he decided finally. 'These Christians must all be madmen. Cornac, if you recognize one of that breed, point him out and I will try his faith!'"

He lifted his ear respectfully. 'For look you,' he said, 'that is an injustice five hundred years! The unending and desperate looting which may spread like rust on wheat and undermine the foundation of men if he not stopped yet like a young serpent under heel!'"

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THE FORGOTTEN HEROES OF ROBERT E. HOWARD

"My name has been Holmer, I'm, dead, from, horse, Eric, and John. I strode redneighed through the deserted streets of some blemish the yellow-mound Bonanza, and I wandered through the violated pleasure with Albin and his Gertie when the flame of burning vines lit the level like day, and an empire was grasping its last under our scalded feet. I, would sword in hand through the flaming wall of Marjorie's gallery to lay the foundations of Empire in blood and pillage."

Albin figures in at least three scenes, all telling of a tribe of Aztec who have migrated from their northern homeland to a strange river race whose trail he laid in blood. In two of the stories he is killed, but since he lives after the series doesn't end.

Gordon the great

Francis Xavier Gordon is only of medium height, but the Bessie Mink Man, memorable enough to earn a place among Howard's giants. Al Howard (Gordon is a wild relative of Highland South and Black Irish, the six novels describing his deeds are set in the Orient and Middle East in modern times. He appears to be lonely based on Lawrence of Arabia, with Howard's own embitterments. With a determination rivalling Solomon Kane's, he willingly risks his life to bring to light a threatened war, and uncover a traitor for the authorities; but he will fiercely defy government and law if they come between him and his goal.

"Saddled Khin invited my friends to a feast and sat them down in cold blood—Yusef Shah, and his three chief—old sworn friends of mine, do you understand? And you ask me to forget them as you might take me to throw aside a worn-out scabbard! And why? So the Amir can grab his teeth off the fat Persian traders; so the Russians won't have a chance to invade him into these treaty the British wouldn't

approve of, as the English can keep their claws sunk in on this side of the border, too!"

Well, here's my answer: You and the Amir and the Raj can all go to Hell together. . . . This feud will end when I kill Albin Khin. Not before."

For Gordon, Kane, Cormac, and the others, romance is usually a secondary item, at least for them personally. The main emphasis is on fast-paced action and martial combat.

Howard wrote five full-length novels. One of the best, which would have been an extraordinary series, was *Albinic*. This epic tale of an Eastman finding himself suddenly on another planet is much like Burroughs' John Carter series. The hero, Eric Gator, has a keen mind, which is sadly out of place in modern times. *Albinic* is the planet to which he is sent by a kindly scientist, who describes his nature well.

"He was of a restless mind, impatient of restraint and resentful of authority. Not by any means a bully, he at the same time refused to countenance what he considered to be the slightest infringement on his rights. He was primitive in his passions, with a gutsy temper and a courage inferior to none on this planet. His life was a series of romances. Even in earthly contests he was forced to hold himself in, lest he injure his opponents. Eric Gator was, in short, a free-man whose physical body and manual best seemed back to the primordial."

But there is no room for repression on *Albinic*. Berseas, savage men, hungry animals, and a cruel winged race which holds the planet in a grip of horror, have fished his new world a nice place to live.

Seller Steve Corliffe, the hero of Howard's famous work *Shall Face*, is a more tragic figure. Shattered by the hell of war, he is a drug addict.

"Argemone! Heavens, what depths and heights of horror lurk in those word called *shall*! Shall—shell—shell—hell. Endless days and nights without end and roaring red hell

over the Man's land where I lay shot and bayoneted to shreds of very flesh. My body recovered, how I know not; my mind never did. . . . And the leaping fires and stifling shadows in my tortured brain drew me down and down along the stairs of degradation, uncaring until at last I found someone in Van Shate's Temple of Dreams, where I saw my old dreams in other dreams—the dream of hellish."

Howard once stated that he liked his heroes strong-armed and thick-skulled. "They're simpler. You get them into a jam and nobody expects you to rack your brains in inventing clever ways for them to extricate themselves. They are too stupid to do anything but cut, shoot, or slug themselves into the clear." Nevertheless, if heart seemed to hurt their success.

Though Howard is best known for his bloody sword & sorcery sagas, he was equally adept with humorous heroes, the most successful of whom would have scared Pease Bluff himself out of town, *Breakerside* Blaine. His adventures are recorded in *House and a set of stories*. All the tales are set in the past-Civil War West. In the Humboldt Mountains of Nevada, and the nearby towns of War Point, Gunstock, Peckville, and Chawley Bay, all of which somehow survive war here's visit.

Portrait of a hero

Breakerside is only six feet, six inches tall, and weighs only 200 pounds, when the series opens, not having "reached his full growth and strength." Even so he has the physical charm and power of a whole team of men, on an equal level of intelligence, and a tremendous ability to take punishment.

"Old man McDrow hit me over the head with his poker. He swung it with both hands as hard as he could, and if I hadn't had on my cowboy cap I bet it would have split my head open."

"I couldn't see what was going

on outside, and Old Man McDrow was showing my mouth and feeling for my eye so I showed him other John and Bill, and he's a far when he says I ain't him at their club barrel-squaps. I didn't even know there was one till I heard the creak as his head went through the boards."

Usually Breakerside is peaceful by nature—he thinks-but soon and then he loses his temper, and the results make an earthquake seem tame by comparison.

"I throwed off then tactics which was trying to creep out my innards and fit on oncoming them with a outraged belief. I swept four or five of 'em into my ones and when I laid go all they was able to do was fall on the floor and squeak about their busted ribs."

I then turned onto the others which was accusing me with pistols and bowie knives and the butt ends of quirts and other villainous weapons, and when I laid into 'em you should heard 'em howl. Sonny was trying to dismember my ribs with a butcher knife but got over the park bar, so I picked up the pickle barrel and batted it over his head. He went to the floor under a avalanche of splattered stones and pickles and brine, and I started half a grin from him and really started getting destructive."

But, while Breakerside can beat one man at least in a straight fight, he is a very trusting soul, and in some ways very "black-skulled." This leads him into the most hilarious situations which can be read and re-read with as lessening of pleasure.

Another hero in the same mold is Dennis Dorgan, a soldier who supplements his wages by prize-fighting. The real story about his boxing is set in various parts, mostly Oriental. He is similar to Breakerside in many ways, especially in his trusting nature, and willingness to help out a friend. As a result, he and his partner, Spies, "the lightning critic is Asiatic waters" get involved in the derisive mix-ups, swindles, and howls. As for his future Dennis does/has himself pretty well.

"I hate to have to depend on my business, but a problem which can be solved by busting somebody on the jaw. When I'm up against some thing I can't batter with my home muscles, I'm all at once."

As he battles and blunders his way onward, Dennis is fed back—becomes a reporter, engages in a boxing match in a suit of armor, and falls through a floor with a bang of things (one of the several he encounters). Through this and more there are a lot of laughs for the reader.

Howard, heroes and history

It is apparent that even the heroines Howard characters were cut from the same cloth as the rest. All were brave fighting men, blood, fearless, powerful, and savage when necessary, but chivalrous and honorable toward the ladies.

Perhaps Howard put himself into each one, and this is what made them seem so real. Each of them was an extension of himself as he wished to be. He gave them all his strength, and like them he was a tall, powerful man, girthy and whole, an accomplished athlete. Like them he could be fierce, moody and savage, or near with laughter.

Howard had a keen knowledge of history, and from his past few gripping tales of vanished civilizations and forgotten races, and actual battles in grim, dark ages. Whether his hero was pitted against man, human foes, demons and dark horror or both, it always made entertaining reading.

Without the fast hand in his knowledge that led to his death, Howard, perhaps, wouldn't have been the writer he was. Tragically, the heroes he gave us could not have lost of their ability to endure sorrow and adversity. The quality of the work he left behind shows what he could have gone on to become, and the heights he could have reached. ■

Vol. 3: Gordon



has been mentioned as the most writer in point, and is a 146 50" head. A low number print was extremely rare and a copy of a 24" x 12" size with nothing else in the world for a \$70.00 painting done by STEPHEN. It paid from the original painting, with with balance to be paid of is available now as a special WARDENS AND WARDENS is your convenience. Limited edition of 100 full-color available at \$25, including post-GARY FANFAR NSA 891 photographs. Each print is hand signed and numbered. Satisfaction RSE 220 signed and numbered by the guaranteed or receive a full refund. L. WARDING, MI/4825

CONFESSIONS of a CARTOON GODD!

Concave/Lea, born July 22, 1941 of 2:22 in the afternoon

"I am a Pop-Mystic Transverbia, and a ONE MAN BAND."

A wizard, YAH! The Hangman, A Western ROSE SATYVA, TAD-YOHA-DOO, High Conscious Cones, and Curtian GORRO.

I am, de' ROSE, Nimsell. Who thinks, draws, writes, feds and performs the glitzy "Wagick Work" of big time Laughing Light, on that cirt no shill.

Jesus, cirt nobody ever told me that when you go inside and before yer chakra, bare up, and outspoor down your mind to incredible levels of human sensitivity, cirt nobody told me you get the whole fests' shewer all across the mind-board.

You don't just expand into the "LIGHT" in joyous parity of ALL bodily fluids and essence. Standing, tilting to the right, forever imbalanced, screwed into the More Yang of flowers, prepubescent, perfructiferous. Start, Nal! It cirt like that here.

As with the Universe, and it's sweet, always expanding chongtiness, you get The Whole-As But inside, outside, and 3D075 T's, stretching, living surface of Boundless Being.

If you get "Real-Time" Harmony, Bally, you get Yang, and you get Yin! You get LIGHT, and Mutha-Fuck, you get DARK right along with it, and all the infinite varieties in-between! BELIEVE IT!

Imagine This "HEAD" problem: Trying to cope and deal all alone in a Vacuum of ipsosist headspace, rampant Transverbia, and it's predictable "Kiss-assport" Purges, aggressive Harers and Humiliated dross, and a Rainbow of fetishes from Rubber to Boreal FUK IT! It all caused me such Tons of Social Guilt, I got caught deep into the great dark scenarios of Sodomite-istic Death games from little boy to grown man. Violent, symbolic, neo-pagan not only with me, the Autozooled, but with my Women, and even some boyfriend too ... still do.

Long time back poor boy, me. Too scared to follow my heavy heart and let it lead the way, I glided away through my young years with terrible self-scrutiny, rampant downing Guilt about WHY I was the way I IS. Trapped forever into exploring the deep recesses of my monstrous mind. Always thinking I should get out. Either dead, or washed clean. Exp-ited in The Wheel-spinning mental and codes of our equally fukked-up civilization.

Now I see what I should've been doing is rejecting The Shield! I cut off these darn, critical years of self-hate. One big, free-living, open "LOVE-FUCK" BUT, for all the comes I came, I whipped my terrored brain to the point of burning my life of our reality into what now becomes Bode's unique Enke-



tion.

I never thought I could get HERE, from there! I LET GO. It's the God-damned resistance, the clothing, slowing desperation to be "NO-MAL," that was destroying me. I LET GO. Not fast, but slowly, over a period of years, from 1968 on. Each of us IS GOD, the new incarnation of GRADMA, who still all sides of Light and dark stuffed into the One great being called SELF. BE YOU, YOUR WAY. WHAT YOU ARE NOW IS JEWELRY, right-on! Okay, WE IS ALL THINGS AT THE SAME TIME.

Today, I owe into ME, "Bode Concave/Lea," the very wedding band I had to take from my wife of ten

ing forever like an Angelic Clew, by Birtell!

Me, the exhibitor! Personall, always the zone as before, but now a self-recognized GOD-HEAD. The first, and only coming I get. I am seeped, deep inside the unimaginable Forces of the Magical Cosmos. September 22, 1972, at 2:20 in the afternoon in Woodstock New York, (The Autumn Equinox, unknown to Bode me, the time of balance and harmony falls on Sept. 22). I climbed the stairs, up into a great Spiritual Cathedral. I married off my life to the Universe in Blood, as a Holy ban-of-eblock. Leah Forchman, I got up, for the "LIGHT," the very wedding band I had to take from my wife of ten

years.

Maybe for some "Enlightened Ones," Menapoush comes uncut, and many. You know, a few GURUS, some YOGA, Meditator, High looks and no great YIN-YANG struggles, and POW, they pull the Light chain to their Third-Eye, and they're in! Shiny eyes, and loving smiles. "OM," on the big "JOKER" of a very clever Universe of incomprehensible complexity.

Boy for some, impossible for others, exhausting for me! I had to work my Ass off four years of pain to attain my own "LIGHT-IT," a slippery san-of-eblock. I did all this discipline, beyond all means, like a Priest or Monk doing self-discipline, attainment for

forever being as Goddome impossible. I taught myself how to draw and write for days without sleep. I liberally kept thirteen years of detailed, illustrated journals. And even now, I continue to religiously exercise each day, since 1960. I was constantly drawn by my old, monumental desire, inferiority and guilt.

All my life I was in a constant state of thinking, crushing, exploring and moulding Ugly Boddling, ME. Always preparing for a trip that only my wildest fantasies could guess was to come.

I tried to write a new Bible when I was thirteen years old. An enlightened Child's concept of God as the Center of all things. At sixteen, I inherited a private heaven called "CELESTIA," with city plans, designs, and written details for a United Religion. Only my brother Vincent, my lifelong friend Larry Galle, and myself were the secret inheritors of my Utopian Paradise.

Then, at nineteen, I tried again. This time I got as far as knowing the Gress was God's law. Tough Shit three Chapters, an outline, and then back to sleep again, for nearly a decade.

Any projections after that were me, existing deep down in my limphorax, escaping to seek intense exertion I was transposing instinctively for Subjective Reality. I guess I thought I'd settle for becoming the battled contorted in the Western World. Fuh it, Check the Church Shit!

Jesus, I remember when I was a boy, I really wanted to be a Jesuit Priest, for a long time, not because I was a Catholic, but came Jesuits held it all. Recognized Holiness, a life of interior contemplation, and intellectual adventure. Transcended every shewer of their atrocious sex drives, back into God Cock and Church Kert, or waking-off in the work-life privacy of their cells. WOW, great stuff! But, to top it off, the Jesuit, in my eyes, cirt even wear Glasses!

Jesus, I did want to be a Jesuit, or some Monk Religious fanatic.

I took me years to find the Path again, that some one I instinctively felt I was young and open, instead of closed and uptight.

I got married to my 21st grade sweetheart in 1961 (after a beautifully fascinating, fukked-up Arroyo Kick in 1957 and '58, where I was an easy seduction by my first Military Police Gay boy for Christmas, 1957). In 1963 my son was born. I was working it straight as a cash-hoover, playing off socky commercial art jobs, then looking for all the world like a shrew, short-haired cartoon, (who, in the same time, in periodic cycles, find out the secret Autozooled life, and, once exaggerated 1960's Closet Queen).

